

THE  
DRAMATIC CENSOR;  
OR,  
Weekly Theatrical Report.

---

NUMBER XXIII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1800.

---

— *Pereat positum rubigine telum;  
Nec quisquam noceat cupido mihi pacis. At ille,  
Qui me commórit, melius non tangere, clamo.*  
*Behold me, then, by Nature fond of peace !  
But he, who hurts me,—Nay ! I will be heard,  
Had better take a lion by the beard!*

HARRIS.

---

The First Volume of the DRAMATIC CENSOR being now completed, the work may be had, either in separate Numbers, or in Sets, half-bound, price Seven Shillings, by applying to the Publishers, J. ROACH, Russel-court, Drury-lane; or C. CHAPPLE, 66, Pall Mall.

---

DRURY-LANE, FRIDAY, May 30, 1800.

THE COUNTRY GIRL—*D. Garrick* SYLVESTER DAGGERWOOD—*Colman*. THE SHIPWRECK—*S. Arnold*.

FOR the Benefit of Mr. PALMER and Mr. CAULFIELD. Mrs. JORDAN performed the part of *Peggy*, with her accustomed *naivette*; and in the course of the play introduced *The Blue Bell of Scotland*. The popularity of this ballad, which, by the bye, takes its title from the most trifling circumstance

VOL. II.

G g

stance

stance in the whole song, affords convincing proof of the frivolity and depraved taste of the age. Possessing no other recommendation, but *Namby Pamby* insipidity, this self-same *Blue Bell* (if we may be pardoned the use of a *jargon*) literally “ bears away the bell” from a number of songs, which combine sentiment with simplicity and neatness of diction. It must, however, be confessed, that Mrs. JORDAN’s singing is a sufficient source of attraction to ensure success to insignificance itself.

*Crazy Jane*, together with the *Fisherman and the River Queen*, sung by Mrs. BLAND, (the first in the course of the Play, the second in the *Entertainment*) are songs of a very different description from the *Blue Bell of Scotland*; they are both the productions of M. G. LEWIS, Esq. a gentleman, whose writings bear incontestible evidence of genius, and a fervid poetical imagination.

Miss DE CAMP being reported ill during the representation of the Play, the part of *Fanny*, in the Entertainment, was undertaken, at a moment’s notice, by Miss HEARD. The task was rather unfairly imposed upon her, *Fanny* being a singing character, and, of course, entirely out of Miss HEARD’s line; not to mention, that there was at the very instant an actress at hand (Miss MELLON), who possesses a good voice, and has, on former occasions, played the part, though (for reasons best known to herself) she now thought fit to decline it. Miss HEARD, however, generously preferring the interest of the

Theatre

Theatre to her own *ease*, and even to her eventual *reputation*, came forward under the *double* disadvantage of a *sudden* and an *improper* call, and studying the character, *scene by scene*, *acted* the part to general satisfaction, which was announced merely to be *read*. In point of steadiness, willingness, and punctuality; in short, in point of *real utility*, the PROPRIETORS of Drury-Lane Theatre, have not a more deserving performer in their employ. It is not always the most brilliant display of talents, that is most entitled to the notice and remuneration of the PROPRIETORS. Subordinate abilities, when accompanied by *regular*, *faithful*, *conscientious*, and *unremitting* attention to the calls of duty, are of far greater value and importance in the economy of a Theatre, than powers of the first rate, under the influence of caprice, negligence, and superciliousness.

---

COVENT-GARDEN, FRIDAY, May 30, 1800.  
LAUGH, WHEN YOU CAN—*Reynolds*. PATRICK IN  
PRUSSIA—*O'Keefe*.

WITHOUT entering upon, much less pretending to decide the question, whether, and in how far, this Play ranks in the class of *legitimate Comedy*, we certainly may be allowed to say, that the author has kept strictly to his text; on which *Laugh, When You Can*, may justly be pronounced, with reference to its title, a literal and faithful comment. The character of *Gossamer*, though strongly tintured with the *outré*, is so richly fraught with whim, eccentricity, and good nature, that it cannot fail to ex-

cite the risible propensities; and in the hands of Mr. LEWIS, for whom it was expressly *written*, and whose place no performer now on the stage is competent to supply in this line, it becomes doubly entertaining. Indeed this gentleman's performance of the part may strictly be pronounced a perfect delineation.

*Sambo* and *Bonus* are likewise sketched with great pleasantry and humour, and the *traits* of humanity, and unsophisticated nature, which the author has introduced in his picture of the generous African, do honour to his feelings.

Among the serious characters, *Delville* and the *Mortimers* take the lead; and it is but justice to observe, that Mr. REYNOLDS has displayed considerable address, in the manner in which he has blended and incorporated his *grave* scenes with those of a *gayer* turn. The following is a specification of the *cast* of the characters.

<i>Gossamer,</i>	-	-	Mr. LEWIS.
<i>Bonus,</i>	-	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
<i>Mortimer,</i>	-	-	Mr. HOLMAN.
<i>Delville,</i>	-	-	Mr. WHITFIELD.
<i>Sambo,</i>	-	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
<i>Charles Mortimer,</i>	-	-	Miss GILBERT.
<i>Costly,</i>	-	-	Mr. TOWNSEND.
<i>Waiter,</i>	-	-	Mr. SIMMONS.
<i>Farmer Blackbrook,</i>	-	-	Mr. THOMPSON.
<i>Mrs. Mortimer,</i>	-	-	Mrs. POPE.
<i>Emily,</i>	-	-	Mrs. LITCHFIELD.
<i>Dorothy,</i>	-	-	Mrs. CHAPMAN.
<i>Gloomly,</i>	-	-	Mrs. MATTOCKS.

The

The performances of this evening were for the benefit of Mr. WHITFIELD, who, to us, appears to possess abilities, which are entitled to fairer opportunities of exertion, than have hitherto been allotted him. His delivery is distinct, correct, and easy ; and if, at times, he does not seem sufficiently *animated*, he atones for this defect by not falling (like certain other gentlemen at this Theatre, who generally engross this line of acting to themselves) into the contrary extreme of *rant* and turgidity.

Mrs. POPE's delineation of the amiable, but distressed *Mrs. Mortimer*, does not correspond with our conception of the character. She is all *art* and *studied affectation*—in one word, her *action*, instead of being suited to, and guided by, is constantly at war with the *sentiment*. Of Mrs. LITCHFIELD's *Emily* we shall only observe, that we can discover no other claim she has to the part, than that of *pre-occupancy*. We mean not to call in question the comic powers of Mrs. MATTOCKS; but in her delineation of the sententious *Miss Gloomly*, she throws too great a degree of flippancy and vulgar pertness into her performance.

---

☞ SATURDAY, being *Whitsun Eve*, no performances took place at either of the Theatres.

DRURY

---

DRURY-LANE, MONDAY, June 2, 1800.

THE CASTLE SPECTRE—*M. G. Lewis.* NO SONG NO SUPPER—*P. Hoare.*

FOR the Benefit of Signora Bossi DEL CARO, who introduced a variety of *ballet-mongery*, dancing, &c. in which the principal performers of the Opera House, with the whole *corps de ballet*, lent their assistance.

---

COVENT-GARDEN, MONDAY, June 2, 1800.

FASHIONABLE LEVITIES—*M'Nally.* FIVE THOUSAND A YEAR—*T. Dibdin.* DON JUAN.

THE Comedy of *Fashionable Levities*, it seems, has lain upon the Manager's shelf, “unheard, unseen,” for no less a term than seven years; but was this evening produced to the public for the Benefit of Mr. WILD, the Prompter. Our readers, therefore, will naturally conclude, that the *cast* of the characters must have experienced a material change since the first representation of the piece, and will not deem a specification superfluous.

<i>Welford,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. HOLMAN.
<i>Sir Buzzard Savage,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
<i>Captain Douglas,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
<i>Cheaterly,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. CLAREMONT.
<i>Colonel Staff,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. THOMPSON.
<i>Nicholas,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
<i>Ordeal,</i>	-	-	-	Mr. MURRAY.

*Clarke,*

<i>Clara,</i>	-	-	-	Miss MURRAY.
<i>Grace,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. MILLS.
<i>Widow Volatile,</i>	-	-	-	Mrs. DIBDIN.
<i>Constance,</i>	-	-	-	Miss MILLS.
<i>Lady Flippant Savage,</i>	-			Mrs. GLOVER.

The second Comedy, entitled *Five Thousand a Year*, by Mr. DIBDIN, is at least equal, in point of merit, to the major part of our recent dramatic productions. We could instance many plays, which boast the sanction of names of note, that have less claim to approbation; and we wonder, therefore, this Comedy has not been more frequently performed. It was, we believe, originally produced for the Benefit of Mr. LEWIS, whom the author evidently had in his eye, when he sketched the character of *George Fervid*. To Mr. LEWIS's inimitable style of acting, in parts distinguished by whim and volatile eccentricity, it in a great measure owed its success; and this our modern fashionable dramatists, who write for Covent Garden, appear to be well aware of. But we would beg leave to ask these writers, what will become of their Comedies, when they no longer have a Mr. LEWIS to enliven and invigorate their flights and exaggerations? Is there any performer on the stage, in whose hands they would think their *Tanjores*, their *Rapids*, their *Fervids*, and their *Vapids* safe? We may readily anticipate the public answer; and this shows the absurdity, except with a view to immediate gain, of writing plays by an *inverted process*; i. e. of writing parts for particular actors, instead of leaving it to the

the actor to suit himself to the part. The characters were *cast* as follows—

<i>George Fervid</i> ,	-	-	Mr. LEWIS.
<i>Frederick Fervid</i> ,	-	-	Mr. POPE.
<i>Sir Matthew Maxim</i> ,	-	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
<i>Henry Hastings</i> ,	-	-	Mr. H. JOHNSTON.
<i>Goulding</i> ,	-	-	Mr. MURRAY.
<i>Paragraph</i> ,	-	-	Mr. FARLEY.
<i>Truepenny</i> ,	-	-	Mr. WADDY.
<i>Dick</i> ,	-	-	Mr. SIMMONS.
<i>Maria</i> ,	-	-	Mrs. GLOVER.
<i>Lady Julia</i> ,	-	-	Mrs. POPE.
<i>Aurelia</i> ,	-	-	Mrs. H. JOHNSTON.
<i>Lady Maxim</i> ,	-	-	Mrs. MATTOCKS.

---

DRURY-LANE, TUESDAY, June 3, 1800.

SHE WOULD, AND SHE WOULD NOT—*C. Cibber.* THE SCOTCH GHOST. ROBIN HOOD—*M'Nally.*

THE play bills informed us that the performances of this evening, for the Benefit of Miss LEAK, were “by desire of his Excellency, the TURKISH AMBASSADOR.” But whatever might be the reason, or whether the desire expressed in the bills abated in the course of the day, or was diverted to some other object, his Excellency never made his appearance during the whole evening. The Theatre, in other respects, boasted a very respectable attendance, and Miss LEAK gratified her numerous friends with two New Songs; the one composed by Dr. ARNOLD, the other by DE LANZA.

In the Entertainment of *Robin Hood*, performed  
this

this evening by permission of the Proprietors of Covent-Garden Theatre, Miss LEAK sustained the part of *Clarinda*.

---

COVENT-GARDEN, TUESDAY, June 3, 1800.

EVERY ONE HAS HIS FAULT—*Mrs. Inchbald*. · THE FARMER—*O'Keefe*.

A new actress, of the name of LASCELLES, and related, if we are rightly informed, to a well-known family, made her *debut* this evening in the character of *Lady Eleanor*, which she supported with considerable address. Her figure is good, her features expressive, and her voice distinct, audible, and capable of great inflexion. On the whole, her performance, for a first appearance, was entitled to commendation, and proved her to be qualified to act as a *double*, or *substitute* for the actress, whose part she this evening sustained.

Miss SIMS improves rapidly. Her personation of young *Edward* was highly interesting, and replete with feeling. With time there is no doubt but her name will rank in the list of the *principal* performers of the Theatre. It were only to be wished that her musical talents were better cultivated.

Mr. LEWIS, as *Sir Robert Ramble*, was all life and gaiety; especially in the altercation scene between *Sir Robert* and *Lord Norland*, which he sustained with extraordinary sprightliness and spirit.

---

DRURY-LANE, WEDNESDAY, June 4, 1800.

THE HAUNTED TOWER—*Cobb.* THE DEVIL TO PAY  
—*Coffey.*

THE *Haunted Tower*, like the rest of Mr. COBB's productions, depends entirely on its musical and scenic recommendations for success. As a Dramatic writer, Mr. COBB stands very low on the list, and ought to be contented to come in for a very humble share of praise with the composer and the machinist.

Mr. DIGNUM took his Benefit this evening, and appeared in his old characters, as *Robert*, in the Opera, and *Sir John Loverule*, in the Farce. Miss DE CAMP performed the part of *Adela*.

---

COVENT-GARDEN, WEDNESDAY, June 4, 1800.

THE SCHOOL FOR WIVES—*Hugh Kelly.* THE MAID OF THE MILL—*Bickerstaff.*

The *School for Wives* is unquestionably a work of merit; and we must say, we should be happy to see it more frequently performed. To what accident is it owing, that the public are indebted for its revival—not to the sagacity of the *Proprietors*, but to the good sense of a *performer*, (Mr. BETTERTON) who rescued it from six year's oblivion, and produced it on the night of his own Benefit?

DRURY-

---

DRURY-LANE, THURSDAY, June 5, 1800.

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE—*Colman and Garrick.*  
THE PRIZE—*P. Hoare.*

OF the intrinsic merits of this excellent Comedy we have on a former occasion given our opinion—See DRAMATIC CENSOR, Vol. I. page 201.—It was this evening performed for the Benefit of Mr. TRUEMAN, who himself sustained the character of *Lovewell*, for the first time, with great ability.—The part of *Fanny*, in consequence of the illness of Miss BIGGS, was undertaken, at a very short notice, and for the first time, by Miss HEARD. We speak strictly within compass when we add, (and the general sentiments of the enlightened part of the audience tallied with our own) that we never saw the character performed better. To say that she was correct to a word, would be saying little; for Miss HEARD needs the *Prompter* less, perhaps, than any person in the company. Engaged at a Theatre, she considers attention as her *duty*; and never suffers any consideration, not even illness, unless it wear a very serious aspect, to interfere with the faithful discharge of her obligations to her employers. Her style of acting this evening was strongly characterized by feeling, and a just conception of the author.

Far different is the case with the great *Cacofogo*, who, to the shame of the profession, or rather to his *own* disgrace, suffers his private feuds and

bickerings to disturb the harmony of the Theatre ; and transfers his resentment against the Proprietors, for *imaginary* wrongs (for this gentleman, it deserves to be noticed, took a very active part in promoting, and personally assisted at the *Bow-street male-content dinner*, given in honour and encouragement of disobedience, disloyalty, and rebellion) to the innocent Performers. After *pledging* his word to perform, (for which little thanks are his due) at the very moment when he knew his *brother-actor* to be greatly embarrassed by a variety of disappointments, he peremptorily refused to fulfil that promise, because the PROPRIETORS, forsooth, according to his statement, had not satisfied his demands. This mode of revenging the wrongs of the *Proprietors* (supposing them to be actually well-founded) upon the *Performers*, cannot be too strongly reprobated. Performers ought to consider their interest as a common concern ; they should bear in mind the well-known adage of the *Bundle of Sticks*, and not go to war with each other. If they think themselves *injured* by the Proprietors, let them look to the Proprietors for redress on fair and honourable principles. But let them not point their revenge against their own body ; let them not endeavour to crush their *reputed* inferiors. Still less let them (to make use of a homely phrase) *sham* illness, and on the Benefit night of a brother performer be *compelled*, and *forcibly dragged*, to a discharge of their duty from a *tap-room* !

An.

An apology was made on behalf of Mrs. WALKER, in whose stead the part of *Mrs. Heidelberg* was ably sustained by Mrs. SPARKES. This latter lady only wants to be more generally known, to be more universally approved. She supported the character in a very respectable manner, and evinced herself deserving of greater encouragement than she appears to experience.

Between the Play and the Farce Mr. TRUEMAN introduced the following loyal song, written by the EDITOR of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, in commemoration of his MAJESTY's providential escape from the late treasonable attempt against the life and person of our most gracious Sovereign.

## 1.

Secure within her sea-girt reign,  
Britannia dar'd the world to arms !  
And *Her's* the trident of the main,  
Contemptuous smil'd at War's alarms !  
In vain the proud, insulting foe,  
Menac'd th' exterminating blow ;  
Knit in one firm, compacted band,  
The Sovereign and the People stand ;  
One spirit rules—one impulse sways the land.

## 2.

Yet, though with conscious pride elate,  
No foreign power appals her breast,  
She trembled for her Sovereign's fate,  
When treason rear'd her impious crest !  
Then every heart confess'd its fears,  
And every eye was bath'd in tears ;  
Till Heaven's protecting care made known,  
All eager rallied round the throne,  
And in their Sovereign's safety felt their own.

S. Her.

## 3.

Here, where the fell attempt was try'd !

Here, where th' assassin rais'd his hand !

Which guardian-angels turn'd aside,

And sav'd the Father of his land !

Here, in our gracious Sovereign's praise,

Aloud the song of triumph raise :

Let Heaven with echoing Pæans ring,

And every loyal Briton sing

The song to Britons dear—**GOD SAVE THE KING !**

A serious disturbance was apprehended, in consequence of the change which took place, with respect to the Entertainment. The play bills of the day announced the Comedy of *Three Weeks after Marriage*, in which a young lady was to make her *first appearance on any stage*, in the character of *Nancy*. But Mrs. JORDAN *happening*, like other great performers, to be taken ill, (it is wonderful how much great actors and actresses are subject to *sudden indisposition*!) Mr. TRUEMAN was under the necessity of substituting the *Prize* for the After-Piece. The audience, though disappointed, had too much good sense to impute the blame where it did not lie, and the peace of the Theatre remained perfectly undisturbed. The young lady's mortification was extreme, a large number of her friends having been apprized of her *debut*, and having actually engaged places to witness her performance.

We were pleased to see the modest merit of the performer, who took his Benefit this evening, rewarded with an overflowing house. Mr. TRUE-

MAN

**M**AN is a diligent and meritorious actor, but does not appear to be adequately encouraged by the Manager.

Ere we conclude, we must observe that we never saw Mr. BANNISTER play the part of *Lenitive* with so much flatness, as he discovered this evening. We hope and trust, that jealousy finds no place in the breast of one performer towards the other, and should be truly sorry to ascribe Mr. BANNISTER's remissness to envious motives, originating in the success of a brother actor.

---

**COVENT-GARDEN, THURSDAY, June 5, 1800.**  
**LOVERS' VOWS—*Mrs. Inchbald.* OSCAR AND MAL-**  
**VINA—*Byrne.***

A young Gentleman made his *debut* this evening, in the character of *Frederick*, which he sustained with much ability. Perfect ease and composure cannot be expected on a first appearance. It is with acting, as with every other concern in life; practice and habit naturally beget confidence and improvement.

---

**TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.**

**MAZZINGHI, ORPHEUS and JUBAL.**

IN answer to Mr. JONES, who enquires whether the two songs, lately published by Mr. MAZZINGHI *without the author's name*, are the production of the EDITOR of the DRAMATIC CENSOR, or not? and in

in the former case reproaches us with the slovenly, incorrect manner, in which they are printed; we beg leave to observe, that the songs in question were certainly *written* by Mr. DUTTON; but the responsibility of the *printing* rests entirely with Mr. MAZZINGHI, Mr. DUTTON not being aware of their publication till he received Mr. JONES's note. The fact is briefly this:—Mr. DUTTON, at the request of Miss WATERS, furnished Mr. MAZZINGHI with the words. That gentleman, who possesses all the policy of his progenitors, and is ever on the watch for *interest*, commissioned Miss WATERS to ask the author, whether the words were to be his *own property?* making this, it should seem, the preliminary condition, the *sine qua non* of his promise to set them to music. The author replied, that Mr. MAZZINGHI was welcome to make whatever use he pleased of his verses in a pecuniary way, provided he acknowledged the author; and, in a subsequent interview with Mr. MAZZINGHI himself, it was agreed, that Mr. DUTTON should alter the third verse of the Musical Address,

“ *Mark, when beneath the western main,*” &c.

by giving it a *general*, instead of an *individual* reference.

Here then, *pro tempore*, the business rested. Mr. MAZZINGHI set the songs to music, and Miss WATERS sang them. The author remained passive, waiting for an application, on the part of the composer, to make the promised alterations. He signified

fied his wish to Miss WATERS, to see a proof of the songs before they were published; well aware, that *musical genius* and *brilliance* do not always go together—well aware, that a man may be able to set a song decently to music, without being overburdened with *common sense*. The result has proved, that the author's apprehensions were not unfounded. Mr. MAZZINGHI, fancying himself a *literary*, as well as a *musical* character, printed the songs under the guidance of his own judgment. Hence have originated all those blunders and inconsistencies pointed out by Mr. JONES, and for which Mr. MAZZINGHI, not the *author*, is responsible. Hence the mistake in the very title of the *Musical Address*, where we find *Sky* instead of *Main*. Hence the incongruous use of *capitals*, with which Mr. JONES wrongly charges the *author*. Hence the want of punctuation. Hence *capital initials to adjectives* (we hope Mr. MAZZINGHI comprehends the term). Hence small letters at the beginning of lines. Hence the omission of a whole verse in the song introduced in the Opera of *Marian*; and hence, in short, the whole host of blunders and absurdities, which Mr. MAZZINGHI has committed; but no doubt committed very *innocently*, without intention or design, for want of better knowledge. We blame not Mr. MAZZINGHI for his *ignorance*; we rather pity him, and only hope, that in future, he will bear in mind the useful adage, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Sound and music may be produced from

a block, a post ; from the vilest and most unseemly things !

On the receipt of Mr. JONES's note, apprizing us of the publication of the Songs in question, *with all their sins upon their head*, we immediately resolved to wait on Mr. MAZZINGHI for an explanation. The *name of the street* was known to us, but not the *number* of the house which this gentleman inhabits. We took it however for granted, that a composer of such great celebrity must be easily found ; that *Orpheus* must be known to the whole parish ; that *Jubal's* fame must have resounded throughout the street. We therefore enquired, as the most likely place for information, for Mr. MAZZINGHI's address, at a public-house in the neighbourhood, convinced that we should instantly receive the desired intelligence, and not a little confirmed in our expectations by hearing a *barrel-organ*, at the very critical moment, strike up the sublimest of all this sublime composer's tunes—“*Happy were the days*,” &c.

On entering the public house, however, we found our expectations deceived ; we found that “*a prophet (prophet and musician were synonymous terms among the Jews)* is not without honour, save in his own country.” We enquired for Mr. MAZZINGHI at the bar. The landlady knew no *gentleman* of that name. We naturally testified our surprise. The landlady endeavoured to repeat the name, but was not able to get it over her tongue—

’Twas

'Twas a "d—d *outlandish* name," she observed, "*Maz! Maz! Maz!* Is he any relation, Sir, of "Lord MAZARENE?"—With that, up starts a cobbler that was smoaking his pipe in the tap-room, and asked for whom we were enquiring?—We replied, for one Mr. MAZZINGHI, a great musical composer.—"Why, yes, there is a *music-man* of that name in *this here street*," the cobbler made answer, but he did not know the *number*.

Disappointed in this quarter, we repaired to a chandler's shop, where we repeated our former enquiries, adding, withal, that the gentleman was a musical composer of great fame and notoriety.—The mistress replied, that there "was a *musicianer* in the street with a d—d *crabbed* name, which nobody could understand"—but, like the cobbler, she was ignorant of the *number*.

Here then we were again thrown upon the wide world, or rather upon the street.—But Providence was our guide! We crossed the way, and again tried our chance at a public house, to which our attention was directed by the noise of a *musical party* in the tap-room, who were singing ballads, and, among the rest, that most charming of all ballads—"Happy were the days," most delightfully, it being the *Whitsun holidays*, and the bad weather preventing a country excursion to *Greenwich*. We fixed our eye upon the *principal performer* in the *concert*, the exact antitype of *Rotten Jaws*, who was that very moment regaling his auditors with—

"Happy were the days,"—

and, after respectfully waiting till he had got through the *song of joy*, and had given *dulkisha*, with a *quaver* peculiar sweet and graceful! begged leave to enquire of him, as a *musical gentleman*, for the address of his *brother-musician*.—“Do you mean the *Jew-musicianer*? ” was the reply.—We answered, that the gentleman for whom we enquired, was a *musician*, or a *musicianer* (if he preferred the latter appellation) of great eminence, but as to his *Jewship*, that we knew nothing about.—“I tell you he is a *Jew-musicianer*,” retorted *Rotten Jaws*, not a little irritated, “and there he lives, over the way at No. 32.”\*—He was proceeding to inform us, how beautifully he sang all the great *musicianer’s* ballads, particularly *Poor Orra*, which he said “*outdid all the great outdoings*,” of the great *music-man*; but having now obtained the object of our enquiries, we did not want to hear the peroration of his harangue; but thanking him for his intelligence, crossed over the way, and knocked at the “portal of the great man’s house.”

But here fresh disappointments awaited us; *Orpheus* was not at home! Can imagination picture

---

\* *Pro bono publico*, for the good of the whole universe, and that other enquirers may not be led such a painful dance as ourselves, in search of *Orpheus*, we expressly enter the *number* of the house on record—a house which, no doubt, in compliment to its illustrious occupier, will be more famed in story, and have greater honours paid to it, than Alexander the Great paid to the habitation of the *Theban Pindar*.

a case more vexatious—a disappointment more cruel and aggravating? After such a long and toilsome search, in quest of the great *music-man*; after having, with much labour and difficulty, traced *Jubal* to his retreat—not to meet the *master of the lyre* at last! With a sad and heavy heart were we journeying homewards, when, lo!—

*Turne, quod optanti divum promittere nemo  
Auderet, volvenda dies en attulit ultro!—*

turning the corner of a street, we popped full butt upon the *music-man*! *Phæbus* himself stood before us! shorn indeed of his beams (for it was a soaking and confirmed rain), but bearing all his *dropping honours* fresh about him like *Arion*, when the music-loving *Dolphin* cast him on the Lesbian shore!

After the customary salutations\* between two persons not absolute strangers to each other, we propounded the case to *Orpheus*, and desired the reason why the *author's name* was not annexed to the words of the Song, which he had taken the liberty to publish, in direct violation of the compact which made the words in question his property? *Orpheus* replied, that “he never put *authors' names* to *his compositions!*” The *arrogance* of this reply made us laugh for a moment, but the laugh was only *momentary*. We immediately convinced him of the \* *falsehood* of his assertion, by instancing

---

\* As the *Music-man* appears to have been either unable or unwilling to assign the motives for his conduct, it behoves us to lend him

instancing the the Song of *Poor Orra*. *Orpheus* returned an evasive answer, and hung down his head Finding him mute, mute as the fish to which *Arion* played! we now took up our parable, and asked him, whether he imagined, that by suppressing the author's name, he would gain credit withthe public for possessing *intellect* and *brain*? Whether he imagined any person in their senses would believe the words to be *his own*? *Orpheus* replied, that "he could not understand what we meant."—We promised him, as he seemed incapable of comprehending *viva voce* testimony, to adopt another mode of explanation, as the state of the weather was not the best calculated for a *street dialogue*, the "storm pelting us

---

him a helping hand, and endeavour to discover a reason or two for him. We will not so far injure him in the estimation of the PROPRIETORS of Covent-Garden Theatre, as to suppose that his reason for suppressing the *Author's* name was, because that author had rendered himself unpopular with some of the servants of the Theatre, by espousing the cause of the PROPRIETORS of that Theatre, from which the *Music-man* draws a considerable revenue. This would be a charge of too serious import, and involve the *Music-man* in the suspicion of *black ingratitude*! We will rather act a friendly part, and look for an explanation of his conduct in another quarter. We have already commented on the *literary* character of this great *Music-man*; and no doubt, amidst his various reading, he may have met with an account of certain savages, who imagine that by killing a man of more than ordinary size, strength, or valour, they become possessed of all his enviable qualities. Probably the *Music-man*, acting on the same principle, may have flattered himself, that by suppressing the *Author's* name, which is a species of *literary murder*, he would inherit the *Author's talents*!

with

with merciless fury." In fulfilment of this promise, as well as to exculpate ourselves from the blunders laid to our charge, by our critical correspondent, Mr. JONES, we have entered into this long statement of facts, from which it appears, that authors should be on their guard how they trust their literary character to the mercy of a vain, ignorant, illiterate, ill-mannered *music-man!* But for the wholesome lesson of caution to be drawn from the conduct of this *music-man*, the *music-man* himself would be unentitled to occupy so conspicuous a *niche* in this publication:

---

We have received a very polite note from the author of the Plaintive Air, sung by Mrs. JORDAN, in the New Comedy of *Indiscretion*, from which it appears, that we have not only given an incorrect, but an imperfect copy of the said Song. We are thankful to every Gentleman who honours us with communications of this nature, and shall always seize the earliest opportunity of rectifying any error into which we may inadvertently be led. It is with pleasure, therefore, we insert the following *authenticated* copy sent us by the author; and we beg leave, on this occasion, to request our readers, particularly all persons whose name or writings find a place in our publication, to do themselves justice, whenever we are not accurate in our statements. We shall always acknowledge our error with alacrity, and take the most effectual method of rectifying it.

*Copy*

*Copy of the Song sung by Mrs. JORDAN in Indiscretion.*

## 1.

I rise with the morn, I contemplate the sun,  
Aurora's bright lustre I see;  
I sigh with regret, when the day-light is gone,  
For night brings no solace to me!

## 2.

I wander in groves whilst the nightingales sing,  
I traverse the sands of the sea;  
They hear not my sighs, so no comfort they bring,  
For what can bring comfort to me?

## 3.

Alas! my poor heart, once so sprightly and gay,  
No longer I boast to be free;  
Love's fever consumes it—Ah! fatal the day  
That brought such a torment on me!

## 4.

At night my sad pillow's bedew'd with my tears,  
Sleep flies till entomb'd I shall be,  
In the grave there's an end to troubles and fears,  
And that's consolation for me!

Mr. T. W. will please to accept our thanks for his polite communication. We are happy in receiving this proof of his good-will, and beg leave to assure him, that we do not harbour the slightest resentment against the gentleman, (Mr. K——) to whom he alludes, and in whose defence he originally took up his pen. On the contrary, nothing would give us greater pleasure than an opportunity of serving and befriending that person.

 The Strictures on the *Exhibition* in our next.

LONDON: Printed by W. JUSTINS, Pemberton Row, Gough Square, Fleet Street.